THE BOURBON NEWS.
[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, BRUCE MILLER, } Editors and Owners

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID.

.....BY MARY TRACY EARLE.

THE great mountains peered over one another's shoulders and watched Georgia Blount at her play. Bald Top, Crab's Claw and Old Surly stood nearest; sometimes they seemed so near that Georgia could talk to them; and when a low-hanging cloud shut them out of sight, or the blue autumn haze veiled them softly and held them aloof from her, she felt as other children feel when their friends turn away or refuse to tell what the thoughts are in their eyes.

A gnarled tree grew at the foot of the bluff which lifted the big dome of Copper Head above the mountain side, and between the roots of this tree Georgia had her play house. Day in and day out no one ever came in sight of it except the mountains, but Georgia was never lonely. In the mornings she had to take all her dolls out of their beds of moss and dress them in fresh gowns of summer or autumn leaves, or in stiff, fringy costumes of pine needles. She was very much in earnest about her dolls and yet she sometimes clapped her hands and laughed when they were dressed and leaning in a long row against one of the roots, they made such an elfin company. Some of them had nuts for heads and some of them had acorns. Some of them had been made out of dry, rounded receptacles of a composite flower from which the florets had fallen and the winged seeds flown away, leaving only the circle of bracts for a collar, and a brittle stem with two branches, from which the flower ends had been nipped off, for arms. These were the most fragile of Georgia's children, and it took a most skillful hand to keep their toilets without snapping their necks, or their bodies or their limbs. Georgia could do it, for she loved them, and she had been dressing them ever since she was big enough to wander off by herself up the mountain-side, and through the forest which separated the home clearing from the rugged, bowlder-strewn slope below the play-house tree and the rock walls of the dome.

Georgia was much bigger now than when she had begun to fashion dolls for herself with chubby, awkward fingers; she was so much bigger, indeed, that she was 14 years old; she might have thought that she was growing up if there had been anyone to suggest it to her; but she had seen no other children growing up, and the mountains did not tell her, for they themselves had taken so long to grow that it never occurred to them that she would not continue to be a little girl for centuries and centuries to come. She had work to do at home now, and that was an interruption; yet every day, before or after work, she managed to slip off toward the forest path.

Among her dolls there was one made of corncob, and far larger than the others, and this one Georgia dressed as a man. He was a very wicked-looking doll, having deep black eyes and nose and mouth which she had burned into his head with a hot iron nail; and it was because he was so different from the rest that she had named him "the fureigner," after the way of southern mountain people in speaking of any stranger who comes among them. "The fureigner" lived in a corner all by himself at the back of the tree, and Georgia always knew that when he came out among the others there was mischief brewing. Sometimes she walked slowly away from the tree gathering leaves and grasses as she went, and then, as soon as she could slip away from herself, hurried stealthily back, pulled the foreigner out of his corner, dropped him among the other dolls, and ran to her leaf-gathering again, so that she might be surprised when she finally returned and found how he had been romping up and down among her mountain people. "Oh, happy kingdom!" she always cried when she caught sight of him, "he have come agin, and oh, how he do have been a-layin' waste the land!"

One day, as she stood with her hands held up in horror at a row of mountain people who had fallen prostrate round the savage foreigner, a real stranger came out from the thick forest and stood at the edge of the natural opening around the play-house tree. He saw her at once, bare-footed, red-cheeked, with her figured bandana knotted at her throat, and he could hear her speak; but she, who should have been as quick-eared as a rabbit, being just as shy, was too intent to notice the stirring of his feet in the sparse, dry autumn grass.

"Folkses! folkses!" she cried out, "we's obleeged to run him off the mounting! He's a fureigner, an' he ain't got no right hyar. We's obleeged to run him off the mounting."

The man who listened drew a little closer, trying not to make a noise. He knew that he himself was a "fureigner," and he wanted to hear whatever the girl might say; but he laughed right out when he saw that she was pointing at a corn-cob doll. Georgia jumped, gave a single glance over her shoulder and ran. It was one thing to plan raids on an intruder whom she had dropped into the playhouse behind her own back, but this—this was another thing.

Only a little way from the tree there was a crevice in the bluff which rose behind it. Georgia knew that it wound for a long way between a detached rock and the main bluff, and she slipped into it with such a sense of protection that she stopped a moment to wonder if she had been cowardly to leave her mountain people to the two foreigners, and to listen if anything was going on. What she heard was the stranger talking.

"Now, if I were you," he said, "I should just go back where I came from and not disturb a respectable community like this—" Georgia peeped round the edge of the rock. He had picked her foreigner up, and was smiling into his evil eyes. "So you won't tell me where you came from," he said. "Oh, well, then, I don't like to, but I'll have to build a prison and put you into it." He took his hat off and put it over the corn-cob foreigner. "If I see you trying to walk off with that calaboose while I'm building the jail," he went on, threateningly, "I'll just inform you that your name is Dennis, young man, from that time on."

The sun, which had been an impartial witness of this arrest, beat down amiably upon the little mountain people with their queer, natural faces, upon the calaboose, and upon a close-cropped black head bent to the building of a jail from jagged bits of stone. And it fell on Georgia's eager face and figure, for bit by bit she had come quite outside of the shadowed crevice so that she might miss nothing that this strange man did and said. But he did not look her way; he was too busy building up his jail.

"Most disgraceful thing I ever heard of!" he declared, nodding toward the captive under the hat. "You call yourself a foreigner doll, do you? Don't you know that up where the foreigners come from the dolls have long, curly hair, and eyes that open and shut, and red mouths and pink cheeks, and arms and legs that bend just as well as mine do, and they wear fine stockings and shoes, and some of them walk about and say mam-ma, pa-pa, and their clothes—"

Georgia's breath was coming fast; her lips were parted and her eyes shone. The young man who was building the jail happened to look up from his work and saw her. "It's so," he said, with a little nod. "Did you ever see any like that?"

"No," said Georgia, shaking her head. A shadow passed over the neighboring mountains. They had missed all such marvels too.

"I have," said the young man, "in the toy-shop windows; but I suppose you've never seen the toy-shops?"

"No," Georgia said again. She came up to where he was building. "And I never seed a man playin' with dolls afore, either," she added. "Doesn't you-uns have no work ter do?"

The man had taken off a box and a bundle of queer-looking sticks which had been slung from his shoulder. Now he left the jail and began unfastening the box. "Perhaps you'll think my work a good deal the same as doll-play," he said. He took two or three boards with pictures on them from the box, and leaned them up against the tree.

"Oh-h!" breathed Georgia.

"Those are the dolls I make," he said.

"But that's the livin' face of Jackson Barker," she cried, pointing to one of them. "Do you-uns claim ter ha' made hit ter look like that?"

"Yes," he answered.

"I whist you'd tell me how."

The artist smiled. "It's just by trying—a good deal as it is with you in making dolls," he explained.

She bent up close, and looked at the board with its bit of canvas tacked on it. Then she turned a puzzled face toward him. "But this hyar's flat," she said, "an' yet it looks like it was standin' out. I couldn't do that. I couldn't noways make a doll out'n a flat piece o' wood."

"Would you like to see me do it?" he asked.

She nodded silently.

"Then we'll begin with the foreigner," he said. "I suppose there's no danger in letting him out now that you're here to guard him while I paint." He lifted his hat gingerly with his finger and thumb, and he and Georgia both laughed as they saw the helpless way in which the corncob doll glared up into the sunlight. Georgia set him up against a tree in the severely upright position which his construction demanded, and then stood by the stranger's elbow, watching. His bunch of brushes, the shining tubes from which he squeezed dabs of color on to his palette, the jointed easel which he put together and set up so quickly, and the camp-stool on which he seated himself, were all fascinating accessories to the making of dolls, either flat or round, and she forgot to be afraid. The artist glanced at the corn-shuck clothing of the foreigner, and matched it with a mixture of paint which he blended back and forth with a brush, while he asked Georgia questions about the people on the mountain. When he began to paint she drew closer and closer until she was leaning at his very elbow. Suddenly she caught her breath.

"Happy kingdom!" she murmured; "you begun it flat, an' now you've made him look ter be a-standin' out, an' I was keepin' watch an' yit I didn't see you when you did hit!"

He turned round to laugh at her, but when he saw that her face was not only surprised but frightened, he did not laugh. "I'll paint another and paint it slower," he said, "and then perhaps you'll see;" and, stooping, he picked up the gayest of her dolls. It was dressed in dark-red oak leaves slashed with sumac, and its head was a hickory-nut on which she had traced features with the faint red juice of a berry.

"I'll try to keep a pearter watch," she said, gravely, as the young man touched the oak-leaf dress upon the canvas. In spite of his promise he was tempted to work so fast that for a second time she would miss "seeing him do it," but he was afraid that she would run away, and so he began explaining to her how the form began to stand out when he put in the shadows. She partly understood him, and when he finished the doll and began painting a background of rough brown bark and shadow behind it, she scarcely drew her breath.

"Oh, I seed you! I seed you this time!" she cried at the end; "an' I believe I could do hit too."

"Do you know what I want to do next?" he asked, without looking up. "I want to make a picture of you."

"An' put me over where you'd look at me an' I couldn't see the picter begin to stand out?" she objected.

"You may come round once in awhile and look," the young man promised. This seemed to be the keenest person he had found yet in the mountains, where most of the people in their own obscure way are shrewd.

She stood a moment pondering. "I'll do hit," she said, "if you-uns 'll keep talkin' to me 'bout them 'ar dolls, like you was talkin' to the fureigner. You know I ain't never seed a real doll. Mammy had one when she was little, 'cause she lived in the settlement; but my aunt, what lives in Crookneck Cove, smashed hit's head on a stone a-playin' with hit, so I ain't never seed a doll."

Her face was very wistful—too wistful for the picture that the artist wanted. "Did I tell you about the kind that have eyes that open and shut?" he asked, as he chose a brush.

Georgia looked at him eagerly. "I wisht you'd tell hit over ter me," she said.

"All right," said the stranger, "I'll tell you about every doll I ever saw"—and he began to work. Georgia could not watch the picture of her own face as it stood swiftly out from the fresh canvas on the easel, but her eyes grew each moment softer and brighter and more bewildering to paint, as they saw another picture all in words unfold against the background of the forest. The shadows lengthened on the mountains, giving them the look of listening, too, for they had seen no dolls but Georgia's in all their years. Georgia was used to marking the hours by the mountains, as if they were great dials which had been placed in sight so that her mother would not need to scold her for coming home too late, and yet she did not notice how the purple twilight spread from the ravines and rose from slope to slope. The lowest spur of Crab's Claw sank beneath it, and that meant that it was time for putting all her dolls to bed; but she was turning back the coverlet of a real doll's bed far in the north. The whole of Crab's Claw sank beneath the golden level of the sunbeams, and she should have started home; but she was where a myriad glistening lights were making all the marvelous world as white as day, and groups of people lingered by great windows full of toys. The sunset lingered on old Bald Top in the east, just as a patient comrade lingers and calls again.

The young man got up from his stool and stuck his brushes through his palette just as Bald Top faded in shadow, and only Old Surly lifted its frowning head into the whole glory of the west. He had put the last touch on his picture, and he walked away and looked at it with a contented sigh. Georgia sprang to her feet and went around to see. She was a little numb from sitting still so long. "Happy kingdom! but hit's just like looking inter the spring er the water bucket," she cried, nervously. "I'm right much better favored than the fureigner," she added, glancing down where he had been dropped and forgotten at the side of the tree. It seemed unreal to come back into her little homemade world after all that she had seen. Even her mountain people as they stared up at her with their innocent faces made her heart begin to ache. The sun was out of sight, and the stranger was packing up his box. "Is you-uns goin', too?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I'm going up north where the dolls are. I wish I didn't have to go."

"But you've only painted one of the mounting people," she pleaded, pointing down at them. It did not quite seem possible that, after one such golden day, there should be a to-morrow when she would have nothing but her silent mountains and her tiny, silent dolls.

The stranger looked at the dolls as they lay patiently waiting for their portraits in a row along the root. "And I haven't finished the jail, either," he laughed. "I shall have to leave all that to you. Good-by." He held out his hand.

Georgia took it mutely. The twilight hush had risen so that it filled the clearing round the playhouse tree. It seemed so pitiful to leave her standing all alone in it that a sudden regret came into the stranger's face. "I'm awfully sorry to go," he said.

A little sob choked Georgia. "Sorry!" she cried; "when you're goin' to see them dolls?"

The stranger put his other hand ove the hand of hers he held. "You dear little child," he said, "don't you know that I am going to send one of those dolls to you?"

"Oh," breathed Georgia. The stranger was tramping off into the woods, but the twilight was no longer lonely now. She stood with clasped hands watching until the trees and the dimness shut him out of sight. The sunset colors lingered, but the moon rose over Bald Top, and, knowing that even the happiest little girl in all the mountains must not stay out after the light has left the west, it silvered the shadowy path in front of her and led her home.—Outlook.

Yes or No?

"You know, Mr. Kewte, we women have the privilege of saying 'No' when we mean 'Yes' and 'Yes' when we mean 'No.'"

"And do you avail yourself of it, Miss Flitter?"

"Oh, sometimes. I am only a woman."

"Well, Miss Flitter, will you be my wife?"—Pick-Me-Up.

Apple Tree Four Inches High.

In Japan there are apple trees growing four inches in height, which freely bear fruit about the size of currants.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL TALK.

Special Speech Used by Man in Addressing Domestic Animals.

That man uses a special language in communicating his orders to the domestic animals is an understood truth, although few, probably, have reflected on the fact.

Mr. H. Carrington Bolton, of the American Anthropological society, has been engaged in gathering information concerning this language from all parts of the world. It is without syntax and is largely inarticulate, but for all thaat it plays a very important part in the service of humanity. It gains additional interest from the fact that it probably resembles the sort of vocal communication men used among one another before they evolved this present system of articulate speech.

The driver in this country stops his horse by crying "Whoa!" The teamster directs his oxen to the right or left by the terms "Gee" and "Haw;" the farmer's lad calls the scattered cattle "Boss, Boss; come, Boss," or the timid sheep with the musical "Ko-nanny, ko-nanny," and the grunting hogs with the prolonged "Chee-oo-oo;" the playful child calls her cat "Puss, puss," and drives it away with "Scat!" The farmer's wife, calling the chickens to feed, says: "Coo-chee, coo-chee."

The words of this language are chiefly monosyllabic and dissyllabic, and are generally repeated in groups of three, although extremely devoid of grammar, consisting exclusively of exclamations and words in the imperative mood, and although, with few exceptions, the words are omitted by the most comprehensive dictionaries, the language serves as a ready and sufficient means of communication between man and the many races of animals under his subjection.

This language has but little in common with that used by the animals themselves. The hen clucks, the duck quacks, the dog says "bow wow," the cat says "meow," the horse neighs, the ass brays and the sheep cries "baa." Man does not use these expressions to any extent in his communications with the animals, but forces them to understand sounds more suited to his own vocal organs.

Different terms are used in different places and countries in addressing animals. Cattle in the fields will answer to the call "Sake, sake" in Connecticut as readily as their cousins will respond to "Koeb, boeb" in Maine, "cusha" in Scotland and "tlon, tlon" in Russia.

The Scotch dairymaid sings to the kine "pooh-leedle," the French peasant urges on his team with a guttural "hue," the German bauer stops his horse with the sound "brrr," the Russian serf summons his chickens with "tsupp, tsupp," the Egyptian donkey boy urges forward the donkey by the ceaseless cry, "aaa, aaa," the Bedouin camel driver makes his animal kneel by a guttural throat noise incapable of representation in Roman letters, and yet each animal shows evidence of intelligence by obliging the wishes of his master.

Man pays a great tribute to the intelligence of his friend, the dog, by addressing him commonly in ordinary speech. Among western people he is about the only animal which habitually enjoys this distinction. But the orientals confer with their camels and horses in strains of affection that are astonishing. The Arabic word gamel—camel—signifies beauty. The Tartars talk to their horses as freely as if every sentence could be appreciated. Bulgarians, Bosnians and Servians cherish their horses and beat their wives. In northern India the natives carry on long conversations with their bullocks, which consist chiefly in abuse of their female relations.

To what extent animals comprehend individual words and sentences is a deeply interesting question. It is supposed that the entire phrase is regarded by the animal as a symbol, and frequently the accompanying tones of the voice, expression of the face and gestures of the hand are more significant than the words themselves.

Horses, dogs and cats, and, to some extent, dairy cattle, receive individual names, and it is certain that they recognize their own names when called.

The language used to animals is often very ancient. The New England lad who calls the cattle morning and night "Koh, koh" and the child who calls the cat "Puss, puss" little think that they are using the Persian words for cow and cat respectively.

Mr. Bolton finds that on farms where foreigners are employed the American cattle respond far more readily to calls in Swedish, Polish or German than man would do to a language he did not understand.

The dog appears to be remarkably conversant with human speech. It is the sporting dog who appears to have the most profound knowledge. He understands many technical terms. For instance, with pointers and setters, to cause the dog to lie down the command is given: "Down!" or "Down charge;" to come to the master's heels the order is "Heel;" to gallop forward, "Hold up!" to abstain from taking food near at hand, "Tobo!"

To prevent the dog from breaking fence the order is "Ware fence!" and to come back from chasing hares, etc., "Ware chase!" to prevent him from chasing furred animals the order is "Ware fur!" and to stop the chase of birds, "Ware feather!"

"Steady," "dead bird," "bring 'em in," "hie on," are words of common speech with dogs. So is "sick 'em!" a corruption of "Seek him!" In the southern United States almost every hunter has a special language for his own dog, so that the animal will not hunt for anyone unfamiliar with the peculiar commands.—N. Y. Journal.

One Touch of Nature.

Mendicant—I ain't had nothin' ter eat fer a week, sir.

The Approached—Why, I gave you the price of a meal yesterday.

"Yes, sir; but me dog had ter be fed."—Philadelphia North American.

FOOD PRODUCTS IN WAR TIMES.

Nations in Broils Consume Large and Produce Small Quantities.

A member of the British house of commons discusses a question which would have immediate and very serious interest for this country if the European war that is always to be regarded as a possibility should actually occur. It has already been proposed on the continent that in case of war food be declared contraband. The primary effect of this would be to place Great Britain at a tremendous disadvantage if she were one of the parties to the contest. That country now imports food to the value of about $750,000,000 a year. Of wheat and flour alone it imports 23,000,000 quarters a year and produces only 5,000,000. The stock on hand is never more than three months' supply and sometimes no more than one, so that making food contraband would be quite likely to result in a bread famine within a very moderate time.

Of the vast quantity of food imported the United States furnishes about $200,000,000 worth. If food shipped to Great Britain were recognized by the contending powers as contraband of war our trade would suffer immensely. Insurance of cargoes might easily rise to a point which would stop shipments. Of the further effects it is unnecessary to speculate at present, but it is evident that the proposition to declare food products contraband has a vital interest for us as very large shippers of such supplies. Mr. Seton Kerr, the author of the North American article, suggests that in no event would this country join in recognizing the proposed addition to international law and in this he is doubtless correct.

For England the proposition is so threatening that Mr. Seton Kerr has introduced in the house of commons a resolution, since adopted, which declares the situation demands "the serious attention of her majesty's government." Great Britain cannot consent to the proposed change nor can she prevent its adoption by the continental powers if they choose to take such action, which indeed will give them possible advantages great enough to account for the open support the plan has received from some of them, notably France. The gravity of the situation is further indicated by a proposition, which is said to be favorably considered in England, for creating there a government reserve of wheat sufficient to last at least six months. Government authorities are believed to be giving this project serious attention. If it is undertaken there will be a large new demand for American wheat. Perhaps that is all that will come of it, and this is greatly to be hoped.—Hartford Courant.

EARLY METAL WORKERS.

Antiquity of the Art Established by Recently Discovered Inscriptions.

The earliest miners and metal workers of whom we have record were the Ayran peoples of Euro-Asian origin, who, though of pastoral and arboreal habits, were familiar with the metals and worked with them—at least with the metals gold, silver and bronze. Chaldeans and Assyrians, as we now know from the cuneiform inscriptions which go back 3,000 years B. C., were undoubtedly expert in the use of metals, while the Egyptians had an intimate knowledge of the arts and sciences. In the brick and other inscriptions recently discovered artisans are seen at work with curious details of their methods and tools. Potters, indeed, had attained eminence in their art, and the Egyptians had certainly a knowledge of chemistry, as the samples of their glass blowing and the stone pictures of tools, forceps, blowpipe, etc., prove. Gold was largely used at an early period—between 4,000 and 5,000 years B. C., as we find from some newly discovered and ingenious weighing balances. Many centuries older than the pyramids, which date from 50 to 60 centuries back, we have examples of engineering in Memphis, which could not have been constructed without tools and necessarily an acquaintance with metals. The word "metals" is of Semitic origin—the Hebrew word "matals," to forge, indicates an early acquaintance with the fusing of ores and the malleability of metals.

How these early primitive people discovered the uses of things must, of course, have been through their wants and needs, particularly after they left pastoral and tent life and began to build cities. The Arabs are credited with being early acquainted with the alloys, though alchemy, as a science dates only from the sixteenth century.—Self Culture.

Stag Hunting at Night.

Wonderfully elaborate open-air fetes, often the scene of some mummery or coup de theatre celebrating scenes in connection with venery, were frequent occurrences. Thus Louis XIV. more than once held stag hunts at night; and for that purpose the great forest of Chantilly was illuminated with torches, and the hunted stag was forced to pass through avenues lined by several thousand men holding brightly flaring, flaming flambeaux in their hands. Several of the princesses of his court were daring riders, and from the letters of one of these royal ladies, a duchess of Orleans, we learn that in four years she was present at the death of over a thousand stags. Her descriptions of the sport are most enthusiastic. "I have had 26 falls, but have hurt myself only once," she says in one of her letters.—W. A. Baillie-Grohman, in Century.

A Fake.

Yeast—What do you think of that man Bloobbs? He reads the future, you know.

Crimsonbeak — Reads nothing! I was with him last night until late and do you know what the last thing he said to me was?

"No; I can't imagine."

"He said: 'Your wife won't say a thing to you to-night.' He's a fake!"—Yonkers Statesman.

HER FIRST LESSON.

She Learned from It a Truth as Unchangeable as the Heavens.

The small, anxious woman who was keeping the boarding house suspected that he was a crank the moment she saw him. What first excited her suspicion was the fact that, although he was very thin, he habitually wore a frock coat. There is something about a thin man in a Prince Albert coat that invariably excites the distrust of his fellow men. She was not surprised when this boarder came to her with the announcement that he was going to leave.

"I'm very sorry," she answered. "I have done my best to make it comfortable."

"You have, indeed. I have been profoundly impressed by your solicitude for my well being and I assure you that as I journey onward through life, perhaps never to encounter this boarding house again, it will be sweetly refreshing to recall that sometime and somewhere I have known a landlady who gave a thought to her boarders other than to keep tab on when the rent came due."

The lady heaved a little sigh and blushed.

"If you feel that way about it," she said, "I don't see why you are going to leave us."

"I can't stand suspense," was the answer. "Present discomfort is better than complete ease combined with a future that bristles with the terrors of uncertainty. I am becoming attached to this place. I would rather move now and break the ties while they are still slender than linger till the frost comes again and be obliged to have my traps carted around town while I seek other lodgings in cold weather."

"But I don't see why you will have to move at all."

"You are not experienced in running a boarding house."

"It's true that I have been engaged in this business only a short time. But I don't see how you found it out. I thought I was providing exceedingly good accommodations."

"Yes. The excellence of the establishment in all its branches was what first excited my suspicion. Then I resolved to put you to the test. I knew that I could determine with absolute accuracy whether you were a novice and all this care and attention to detail merely the results of early enthusiasm. You will remember that this morning I said something at breakfast about the coffee's being rather slow to settle."

"Yes. It seemed a little heartless of you to call attention to it before folks, and I gave the cook a good talking to about it. I am sure it will not occur again."

The thin boarder looked down upon her and smiled indulgently.

"It is too bad," he commented, "that this solicitude which does you so much credit should have been the means of my detecting your secret. Had you been old in the business, when you heard me say that it took the coffee a long time to settle, you would have cast an icy look around the table and said that it reminded you of some people. That is a form of repartee that was invented shortly after Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden to look for other accommodations, and no one but a beginner would have let the opening pass. I am sorry, but I prefer the peace of mind that comes from a settled policy to basking in the sunshine of luxury only to see it, day by day, obscured by the shadow of a mercenary economy. This evening I will pay you the seven dollars and a half that I owe you and then we will part."

A long, hard line that had never been there before came into the face of the little landlady. She had taken her first lesson in the eternal truth that the more one tries to please people the less one is likely to succeed.—Detroit Free Press.

ECONOMY.

Is Well Enough for the Poor, But Let the Rich Spend.

Rave at fashion and preach economy if you will. It is all the better for the world that rich people should spend their money lavishly instead of hoarding it. Every flounce on the skirt of that glittering belle, ridiculous as it may be from an artistic point of view, helps to make some dressmaker's assistant more certain of her week's work. Everything she "cannot possibly live without," though it be a gewgaw, suitable for a squaw, makes it so much more certain that every shopkeeper in the land shall prosper.

So, when her father scorning the red brick mansion in which her parents took delight, spends a year or two in elaborating a palace of white marble, he finds work for so many scores of laborers who else might starve or go to the poorhouse. So that finery is paid for, so that one only "buys for eash," there is more good than harm in the long run in what seems like extravagance. An unpaid debt is a theft, and a theft is a crime; but honest purchases which do not first or last bring this about, and looking at the good done to the masses and not at one individual bank account, cannot be called extravagance. A miser does more harm to his fellowmen than a spendthrift, and the only alarming point in the present universal show and glitter is that unlucky people with inadequate purses may seek to take a part in it at the expense of trustful tradesmen.

If only the rich become extravagant, we say hurrah, and go ahead, even if you do not leave a million or so to a poorhouse when you die. Your cook and coachman and tailor and jeweler, your wife's dressmaker, and all the host of working folk paid to minister to your far-reaching whims, have no need of one.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Clevedon, Wis., 15 years ago had a big hotel and a population of over 1,000. Now its houses are the halting places of tramps, who pay no rent. Two hundred of them find the place a quiet resort, and it is called Trampville.